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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1736.

Choice Poetry.

SPIRIT OVERHEARINGS.

BY EDITH MAY.

Kenilworth, the fisherman's fair daughter, sits alone, while her heart pattern with the pride that has deluded her to share the splendors of the lord of the castle.

EDITH'S WHISPER.

The night is hid with a double dark,
And rain and hail are clattering against—
The wall is not by the fire and bark
To the sunny weather of the past.

The beggar lies down in the misty dell,
And the peasant flees the offering storm,
But you like better, Kenilworth,
Sit housed and warm.

SELETT'S ANSWER.

Better be out on the barren hills,
With the cold night howling out of sorrow blind,
Than listening here to the thought that thrills
Like a lute touched with passing wind.

EDITH'S WHISPER.

You may wander all day with a pace at your ease,
Merry hawks and hounds for your mates,
East and west through your lord's demesne,
Kenilworth, sister, alone with Edith.

My step is faint in your honored halls
Where bright armor flashes. The windows
Still through the twist of the massive walls—
Frame but a strip of the sky above.

By the long noise windows, the deep-arched door,
Shadows cloud lighting the golden light;
And the cup of wine is not for me
Kings like the hand of an armed knight.

In the kitchen I am—or pale figures of stone.
There are voices—but not for me—hanging cups
And the serene face reckless around my alone
Music but not for me—in their thanking eyes.

My work grows sound and my smiles hold
Chalk at nonentering, the meed I win
Women's tears at the rush of gaiety—
Sighting my will with a high disdain.

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Is the hour more serene? Does the hearth shine
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Are they resting together, while I, forgot,
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With my cold eyes and my rich attire,
Lifting my head coldly, I offer them,
Old Kenil, the bloodhound that dreams by the fire,
Would not more gladly, more eager be.

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Ere the hill snows melt, or the skies look kind,
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They shall believe my grave in the hungry sea!

Home Journal.

Original Novelet.

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THE FATAL VOW.

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BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
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CHAPTER XIX.

A GRIM WEDDING.

Oh! mother, mother, what has led mariner,
Let mariners wed with mice, and mother with kids.
And every creature with its mortal foe.

Home Journal.

When Jacqueline recovered her senses, she found herself in her night-dress, lying upon her own bed, and Cloudesley sitting by her side with one little hearth, and by its fatal light the room looked strange and ghostly—there was something wicked about it, and its form of good Samaritan, as she stared by the bed, holding the latter's cold cologne water, and the untouched candlestick handkerchief, with which she had just been bathing the poor girl's face and head.

"Is all so calm and still on shore, sweet?" it said to anything the matter?" asked Jacqueline, in a faint, uncertain voice.

"Nothing! Why, this fainting fit you've had, Lapsing! They're not dangerous. Aunty's had more than one in her day. Come, come, as she looks now, and you are getting over it al ready. Come! smile that."

"Oh! I—I don't know now," and faint Nettel, as memory slowly returned.

"Aunty, will you go and send mother to me?"

"I would rather not, my dear. She don't know that you are here."

"Don't tell her then. Only say I'm tired, and have gone to bed, and ask her to come."

"I'll tell her you're here, my dear. I want to have you all to myself to-night, to take care of you, and look after you."

"Oh! no, don't talk to me, aunty. Dear, best aunty that ever was in the world! Don't talk to me—only—or—I shall—I shall—no—no—my hand can't bear it, I believe."

"Honey, honey! Cloudy!"

"Oh! don't—don't—oh! never again—" she said, incoherently, and beginning to tremble.

Henrietta pointed the cologne on the handkerchief, and doused her forehead and temples.

"That will do, Cloudy. Now, I'll go and send mother to come."

Mrs. Wright got up unwillingly, and left the room to do as she was requested. And presently the door opened, and Mrs. L'Oiseau came in in a dressing-gown, with her hair down, and in the shadow of her coloured curtains, dressed to either daughter's eyes.

"Are you sick, my dear?" asked Mary, sitting down by her side.

"What makes you ask me, child? Collect your thoughts—you sometimes the purchaser of Locust Hill to your uncle—now, what did he say?"

"Oh, yes! he will do it, Missy!" And I will—pay the price—ha! ha! ha! ha, strange!"

"What is strange, Jacqueline? You really frighten me! What makes you go on so?"

"Lie la!—how queer!—ha! ha!"

Her eyes were shining like two stars, and the hurrying intensity of their gaze seemed to transfix the bosom of the weak woman, who had then urged her child to the very brink of madness. She started up, and saying more quickly than she was accustomed to do, hastened to her own chamber, and brought back a restorative, which she forced her daughter to swallow. The medial soon took effect, and the girl became quiet, and spoke collectedly.

"Mother, I am afraid I'm not in my right mind—something tingles through all my nerves and veins, and leaps to the top of my head—and everything looks strange, and I cannot see me—and serious things perplex laughter, and nothing looks real. Mother, am I mad?"

"You are hysterical, I am afraid, child. But that is nothing—you will soon get over it."

"Mother! Cloudy has come! His ship is at Norfolk! And he will be here soon."

"Well, my dear—what of that?"

"Oh, I don't know. My head is very weak—very weak. I am a very fragile creature, mother. But I am very unhappy—that is a good thing—sure enough! I am nothing but a fig, mother—at least half good enough for dearest Cloudy."

"Now what do you talk about Cloudesley Merrington for, my dear? Let us be sensible on subject on hand?"

"Oh! I don't know, I'm sure—if I ever did, it has gone from my mind now."

"Try to compose yourself, my dear, and go to sleep."

"Sleep! Oh! I'm not sleepy! You are going to be indisposed, mother, and I am going to be whirled away and away like a leaf on a stream, no matter where!"

"Now, Jacqueline, you must be sent to keep silence, so she sat watching Jacqueline, as the poor, half-conscious girl lay there, losing her self-command, and her quiet figure on the Marseilles counterpane. Mrs. L'Oiseau said to herself,

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"Mad! Were jewels—ugly and ugly hymn
My mother sang to the babe on her knee,
Or flaming by down o'er the western dim,
Robbed of its power, alone with Edith.

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Home Journal.

Miscellaneous.

BARNUM'S SPEECH ON HUMBUGS.

Delivered at Bridgeport on the occasion of the Agricultural Fair.

"It seems to be a most substitutive circumstance that I should be selected to speak on humbugs, on looking at Bailey, whose portly form is prominent in, I find, a host to represent many of their presence. Everything is humbug except our Agricultural Society—that alone is not.

"Shaving is generally defined 'deceit or imposition.' A burglar who breaks into your house, a lunger who cheats you of your property, or a rascal, is not a humbug; a humbug is not an imposter; but in my opinion the true meaning of humbug is management—not to take or tell truth and put it in an attractive form.

"But no humbug is great without truth at the bottom. The woolly horse was a reality.—He was really born with a woolly coat. I brought him to Cincinnati the first and next one to Connecticut, but for a long time I declined what I should do with him, and feared that he would die on my hands. Just at this time, in 1849, Col. Fremont and his party were reported to have been lost among the Rocky Mountains; the public were greatly excited, but shortly were cause that he was safe. Now came the chance for the woolly horse.

"It was duly announced that after three day's chase upon the borders of the river Gilena a animal had been captured by the quarter master of Col. Fremont's party who packed in a singular degree of the nature of the heffin, an hedge and camel. This story was so far true, that I was myself the quarter-master who captured him, and I charged a quarter for the sight. The picture outside the exhibition depicted the animal as jumping over a ledge of rocks; now if the animal had really leaped, as shown in the picture, he must have passed over a space of five miles. To have believed that he could have survived such a leap, would have been the grossest humbug.

"Mr. Col. Benton, who understands no humbug but his own, would not, on reflection, be prevented me for obtaining money under false pretenses, as the horse was not what it professed to be: but I think strongly, as the people who saw it was satisfied, and they got the worth of their money.

"Now the scientific hanking should know the precise moment to act as I did, or the world would never have been blessed with a sight of the woolly horse.

"When the woolly horse arrived from Connecticut, he was put in a stable near Lovejoy's Hotel. One of the boarders who came to see him recognized him to an stable to be last year at Bridgeport. 'Good heavens!' he cried, 'I have seen that animal before; it is really an extraordinary hireling.' Such a friend for the same hotel, and after he had seen the animal, he him into the secret, and in accordance thirty seven persons were carried up, all of whom took the humbugging in good humor except the last man.

"My ambition to be the Prince of Humbugs I will resign, but I hope the public will take the will for the deed. I can never from that if I had been able to give them all the humbugs I have thought of, they would never been amply satisfied.

"Before I went to England with Tom Thumb I had a skeleton prepared from various bones. It was to have been made eighteen feet high; it was to have been built of many of each thigh, and then dug up by accident so that the public might learn that there was giants of old. The price I was to get for the prank was proposed to put the skeleton together, was to have been $125.

"But finding Tom Thumb more successful than I thought, I sent word not to proceed with the skeleton. My manager, who never thought so highly of the scheme as it deserved, sold the skeleton for five or seventy-five dollars.

"Seven years afterward I received from the South an account of a gigantic skeleton that had been found. Accompanying it were the certificates of scientific and medical men as to the genuineness. The owner asked twenty thousand dollars, or one thousand dollars a month: I wrote to him if he bought it as I would take it if I found it so represented, or would pay his expenses if not. I located it was my own old or global coming back to me to me again; of course I refused it, and I never heard of it afterward."

It passes all ordinary conception that the man Barnum should have grown rich and impudent upon the practice of his deceptions. Had any individual traits of Jayne Hawk' chosen to prosecute her exhibition, he could have recovered damages under the statutes against obtaining money under false pretenses. Yet the inventor of that abominable deception has gone on, comforting similar ones year after year, and from each reaping an abundant reward in money, until, at last, he comes before the public as a Moralist, delivers sermons on Men's morals and minor duties to Society, and finally, with sublime arrogance, announces his "Autobiography."—*Buffalo Democracy.*

PATRICK SHARPE.—Bulwer, a man of genius, and greatly admired by some, said in a letter to a gentleman in Boston, in 1841, "I have closed my career as a writer of fiction. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have exhausted the powers of life chasing pleasure: where it is not to be to be found."

How much better if Bulwer had discovered his mistake at an earlier period! Had he employed his gifted mind in strengthening the cords of virtue, in repressing sinful passions instead of fanning them, how different would have been his course of life!

"I am gloomy and unhappy!" Richard Burton! and to such thing at the close of his useful life. He had written much, but he had not "chased pleasure where it is not to be found." John Bunyan made no such record at the close of his; nor did Owen, or Edwards or Brainard, or Wesley, or Fuller, or Scott, or Payson. Men will rage as they now, in spite of all their powers and efforts to the contrary. We have often thought of the Italian actor in Paris. He was gloomy and unhappy, like Bulwer. He consulted a physician. His physician advised him to to mingle in scenes of gayety. "Especially," said he, "go to the Italian theatre, and if Carlina Rosa not single your gloom, your case must be desperate indeed." "Alas, sir!" replied the patient, "I myself am Carlina. And while I make all Paris full of laughter and of excitement, I am dying with melancholy and stagnation." What a commentary on the vanity of pleasure in which so many indulge to keep up the spirits and drive away melancholy!

CHAIR OF THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Before this chair came into possession of Kamehameha I., its fabrication had been going on through the reign of eight predecing monarchs. Its length is 7 feet, and it has a round of 111 feet at the bottom. Its ground-work is coarse netting, and to this the delicate feathers are attached with a skill and great worship of the most civilized art. The backs forming the border are mounted on the whole presenting a bright yellow color, resembling a mantle of gold. The feathers from which these splendid feathers were taken had but two feathers of the kind, and they were located one under each wing. It is a very rare species of *Melithreptes Pacificus*, peculiar only to the highest regions of Hawaii, and is caught with a great care and much toil. Five of these birds there were valued at one dollar and ashalf. It is computed that at least a million of birds have been expended on the manufacture of this gorgeous article. The peasants dwell under the hitting portion of the regions of any European monarch. Viewing it in the scarcity of the article of which it is composed, and the immense amount of time and trouble employed in preparing it, it would be impossible for despotism to fabricate a more magnificent (or costly) garment nor its practical existence.—*Honolulu Island Notes.*

THE DUTY OF A JUROR.—Lord Chief Justice Hale, in his history of the Common Law of England, sums up the duty and power of jurors thus:

"The duty, in these matters, are to consider their evidence, to weigh the credibility of the witnesses, and hence and other circumstances of fact. They are not bound to the rules of civil law, to have two witnesses to prove every fact, unless it be in those cases where the law requires it, but one sometimes be is single; or always to believe two witnesses, if the probability of the fact is not upon other circumstances, reasonably accurate for them. It may fail out, that a jury upon their own knowledge, may know a thing to be false which a witness has sworth to be true; or may know a witness to be incompetent or not credible, though nothing be objected against him, and may give their verdict accordingly."

☞ ANTEDILUVIAN LITERARIANISM.—The following curious advertisement appears in a Western paper: "I Worrow, at particular times I may inquisitive my friends and others to let me have liquor, which is hostful to me and detrimentale to society—This is, therefore, to forbad all persons selling me liquor, or setting me have it on my account or pretence; for if they do, I will positively prosecute them, notwithstanding my promise; hade to the contrary at the time they may let me have it."

MORTALITY AT THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

The *New York Courier* states that the statistics of the Life Insurance Companies of the United States, brought to bear upon this question, are not expressed or influenced by any theories.

"In the relation to the North, or that portion of the Union embraced northerly of the assumption of Mason and Dixon's line, and the city of Washington, it is considered by the data thus indicated by the celebrated Gompertz tables, that ten years' experience results in support that the mortality among that class of persons insured in the cities within the region named is less than one per cent., the calculated be is every 10 000.

"In the section comprised between the thirty-second degree of north latitude (a few miles south of Savannah) and the southern limits of Virginia and Kentucky the mortality among the same class of people is 1 17½ per cent. or 117½ persons out of every 10,000.

"Looking to the extreme Southern States, or south of latitude thirty-two degrees, the mortality is considerably greater. In the same section, the actual number of deaths out of 10,000 (as insured) being 184.

"These calculations are entirely exclusive of the present year, which has perhaps been a more fatal in the South than any period since 1830.

"This is the experience of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of the city of New York. The actuary reports that:

"The disparity in the ratio of the amount of losses by death in the South to the North (as these three sections of country has usually been over-estimated. Men fatal to the single mortality in them. Thus during the first six months of the present fiscal year, ending the 1st of February to 1st of August, the company has had at risk in the first section $10,000,000, while the amount of claims in the section has been $60 000, or $6 000 out of every $1,000 insured. In the second section the amount at risk is $1,500,000, and the claims presented during the same time has been $20 000, or $133 for every $1,000 insured. In the third section the amount at risk is $1 500,000, while the claims presented are $37,500, or $25 out of every $1,000 insured."

"This increased mortality at the South has occasioned by the absence of the larger number of the premium on lives insured there. The usual rates of additional premium for persons of the South had not been heretofore once and out. This, it is now shown, is not enough to cover the actual risk; the company will therefore hereafter require to fee per cent. upon the ordinary rate of persons in northern latitudes."

THE DECISION IN THE CASE OF BEALE.—The N. Y. Tribune, in commenting upon the decision of Judge Thompson, that the prosecution might offer rebutting evidence to prove general bad character, but not specific bad acts, says:

"There is no weighing of facts going under a law so irrational and mischievous as this."

Clippings.

☞ Dundy says the reason why the ladies wear such small bonnets is a just idea that in case have an explosion of crinoline or gunpowder, having nothing needs of their heads, they have got as near nothing as possible on the outside.—*Boston Post.*

☞ A genius in New Bedford is fitting up a cow with a pair of wings for foreign exchange in India, where they sell her six cents a pound. Another proposes to do still better—to fit a pair of wings to a beef, hang them well, and thus expense of ship building.

☞ The Cincinnati Times says: "In the ocean buried," says Shakspeare; but the defaulting teller of the Ocean Bank, New York, not being satisfied with an obscure grave, deposited his forgotten surplus in the deep bosom of a late Erie.

☞ An eminent writer says: "It is my firm opinion, derived from experience, that the highest enjoyment mortals cannot be had. We have reason to say that when you have hooked the better."

☞ A young lady being recommended to exercise for her health, replied she would jump at no fiber, and run her own risk.

☞ To a farm in Dumbarton, New Hampshire, there are two men. One has a most sweet upon one side and sore upon the other: the other a most sweet upon the sore upon the occasion—hard on one side and soft on the other.

☞ Mrs. Kossell says it is not so much trouble for a "man" to take care of sick people as for a woman to imagine. The men don't want nothing, she says, and when they do they don't get it.

☞ Don't keep firing of apoplexy, in Washington, the jury of inquest rendered the following true and sensible verdict: "Died from a visitation of God, by drinking cold potatoes and a fried pie."

☞ Give a man brains and rather, and he is a king. Give a man rather without rather, and he is a slave. Give a man rather without brains, and he is a fool.

☞ Mr. Hokake says it is much easier to make a speech than to make a fire.

☞ An exchange, describing a counterfeit bank bill, says the vignette is cattle and hogs, with a chaise in the distance." A fair picture illustration of this world's doings.

☞ Mr. Simpson, poor dyspeptic, whose physical inability to work was attributed to indolence, was advised by a medical friend that the only way he could exercise consistently with his means was to fee.

☞ The President Young Clerk: I say, old us, they've got you down in the auction catalogue. Fat Old Usher. No! What do you mean? Why, there it is. Lot 1, Old Usher, One inch of fat."

☞ A man who undertook to blast his neighbor's propensity, used too short a time, and got blown up himself.

☞ "Now, Sambo," said the city doctor to me, as the merchant said, when he had to pay his account, "you must be very careful."

☞ It is said since Benton called Pettit, of Indiana, a "dirty dog," the correspondents of the Indiana papers, in addressing him, affix a "D. D." to his name.

☞ Those who sow the true without not always reap the wheat. Many of the world look straws on a river, they do not go, but are carried.

☞ Old Chatterbox awakens in the morning, flaps his wings, vociferates at the top of his voice, and then goes to sleep. Old Chatterbox, by, from a neighboring roost, answers to his call, and then goes to sleep. This is no answer since Old Chatterbox is dead, and the answer is more than a little responsible for the answer.—"Is that the story we have?" This is what the Editor's Table Book says, and this is the story we have published that—but, in this woman's rights era, it is agreed to be time to put a picture of unremitting labor, unfailingly recompensed, and not run to grass at the end of the year, in the hands of the chaplain, but one which from its very interest and unquestionable influence should be the more attentively heeded.

ETHER.

The plea of insanity being somewhat worn out, as a defence against a criminal charge, we have to-day another plea put in, which, if found as terrible in expedients, is almost to substitute another. The new plea is to be Etherization. Last week a man was tried for murder, and battery, the defendant must answer that said he was under the influence of ether, and that he had not the veracity at all idle question, but it is evident that he was laboring under a hallucination of the most singular kind, and the whole thing of that very valuable character.

Ether is a most curious and most startling effects of other, we would advise all desperadoes who intend administering it hereafter—and there is no doubt many will do so—to see that it that some third party is present; and be the more sure of this, we would suggest that they should take some sister or other friend along, when they are desirous of being etherized. For if they are not so accompanied—as will probably be the case—they will be liable to have a person to believe that some one is trying to steal his hat, or purse, &c., even if he or she be etherized to the highest degree of the insensibility of the kind was attempted. It is astonishing to see the different effects that ether has on the minds of the singular character, that desirous should not long ago have resorted not to administer it on their own account, and get up large fees for the purpose.

We have heard a rumor of late, we trust without sufficient foundation, that certain gentlemen engaged in dentistry, avail themselves of the singular power of ether which they are thrown with many of the young and beautiful, to carry on flirtations which would not be very outrageous. Whether this be so or not, the propriety of ladies choosing themselves with gentlemen by the hour, even if such gentlemen be dentists or physicians of the highest character, is very questionable. But it is submitted, we feel confident, to call the attention of the public to this matter, in his connection with recent cases, to prevent almost the possibility of such unpleasant charges or occurrences in the future.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1854.

ALL THE DOCUMENTS OF THIS POST ARE SET UP, EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. No deviation, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for clubs. They must be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, for	$5,00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00 "
12 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$25,00 "

Agencies vs Cross.—Any person having taken up a club, and failing to get it, will be at no name to it at the name rate, provided the same will advise them of the circumstance, and at the same time those of the name list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them on hand. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, and at the same time, and those persons must pay.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft on New York or Philadelphia is preferred, but it may be deducted from the amount.

Remittances.—Persons living in Philadelphia, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

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NOTICE.

Our Western friends will please not send us the "Age of the Fire Brick" or "Age of Indiana, as our brokers buy them only at a very heavy discount—15 to 25 per cent.

They can safely send Gold, by carefully packing or otherwise attaching the pieces to the letter sheet, and using a good envelope.

For sums of $20 or more, they should procure a Post Office order, or a draft on Philadelphia or New York—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

OUR LADY TEACHERS.

The following preamble and resolution were recently adopted at a meeting of the Select Council, of this city, and a copy received:

Whereas, There are in the Public Schools of the City and Districts of Philadelphia, a large young ladies employed as Teachers, who receive each an annual compensation of but two hundred dollars; and 160 ladies similarly employed, receive each an annual salary of but one hundred and two, hundred and twenty five dollars. And, *Whereas*, Such a pittance is inadequate to the decent and genteel support of a young lady, who has had a thorough training as a teacher, and is deserved; Therefore,

Resolved, That the subject referred to in the preamble be referred to the Committee on Public Schools, with power to act jointly with the Controllers of the Public Schools, and report to Councils, by Bill, or otherwise.

The above is a kind of Women's Rights which we are ready to advocate heartily and sincerely. Mr. Hoke can answer for the justice of the ladies for his opportune movement. The Councils recently have been ordaining salaries to gentlemen in the public offices, of $1,500, $2,000, and here are ladies, whose duties require at least as much labor as that of the clerk of a common city clerk, who receive only about one-fourth as much compensation. This is certainly not right, and we hope that the Councilmen will do justice to the ladies of the City, with a vengeance!

Let them have $400 a year—and God themselves! Allowing that their board costs them three dollars a week, there is *forty-five* dollars left for clothing, and other and fuel, lights, and expenses. And this they are expected, out of this *forty-five* dollars, to dress genteelly (which is pretty), as something of an example to their people.

Forty four dollars and their living. Why the domestics in our houses get $1,50 a week, or seventy-eight dollars, besides their living—a fact which we have stated a dozen times, and which no one has contradicted. Therefore,

And who are these young ladies? In many instances, the daughters of poor clergymen, of superior families, in some cases they have been reverses of fortune, while in others they are entrusted by a noble desire to maintain themselves, and not be a burden to their friends. Is this the gratitude which they receive?

The President Young Clerk: I say, old us, they've got you down in the auction catalogue. Fat Old Usher. No! What do you mean? Why, there it is. Lot 1, Old Usher, One inch of fat."

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THE BEALE TRIAL.

The remarks in another column respecting Ether, were all we had intended to make relative to the general trial and conviction of Beale for the murder. But on several attacks which have been made on their verdict by the public generally, we think it not more than right to express our own conviction that they were right. We have attended to the whole of the facts of the case. As to their reasonableness, we have no doubt that every unprejudiced person will agree with us in this manner. They had not a "reasonable doubt" as the guilt of the accused, and consequently found a guilty verdict. It is by a verdict in his favor. But inasmuch as there was a bare possibility of the young lady's having been murdered, of having died in the course of the outrage, they thought it best that the benefit of that possibility be given to the prisoner, should lean to the side of mercy.

If this were the only charge of the kind against Beale, we should not be disposed to the clemency of his being innocent were greater than it is, but more than this, more than his own confession in the proceedings instituted by him against Mr. Birney for libel, a charge of kindred character was brought by a young lady named Bowers, who testified to an assault committed upon him some time before. Of course he did not consider it necessary to have all the descriptions in each Club, and at the same time, and those persons must pay.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1854.

General News.

FROM THE MONTREAL HERALD.

PARTICULARS OF THE DISCOVERY OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

We are indebted to Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Territory, for the privilege of first publishing to the civilized world, the at length ascertained fate of the brave, but ill-starred Sir John Franklin, and his gallant companions, for that end had always been so and : and that the problem, which has so long occupied the thoughts and engaged the energies of the great navigator's scrutinous friends and admirers in England and America, should be solved by so pointed, so distressing a carriage as is contained in the following letter, which only reached Sir George Simpson a few days ago, having been kept back forwarded from York Factory, via Red River. Our new friend, the Indian runner, who brought it from the latter place to Fort Ellice, and thence to Fort Pelly, has since been promoted to the rank of a dragoon, it is said, greatly exceeds that of the ordinary Indian runner.

The Rebiand Herald records the capture at Fort Ellice, on the 19th ult., of the Indian bearer by an officer, both taking the same train of cars that conveyed the mail. The dollar stopped out upon the platform of the rear car and bolted into the woods, but till the train had passed the bearer into New Hampshire, then jumping from the platform, returned to the mail car and recaptured the officer.

The Rev. Mr. Evans, a retired church, at St. Louis took place lately. It seems that the congregation have two immense organs in the church, and addressing to them all manner of obscenity epithets, the latter of which they apply all colors, armed with pistols, sticks, &c., and interrupted the proceedings in the most violent way. The next day the parson and a number of his friends were arrested.

Mr. Samuel Drake, Sen. the venerable pioneer of Kentucky, died on the 23d ult., at the residence, had perished from want of food, sometime on the early days of the state of Kentucky. The substance of the information, obtained at Upper Dublin, and of many years.

On the 31st of March my spring journey commenced. The snow was then deep, and the mild, deep and soft snow, and foggy weather, we made but little progress. We did not reach Pelly Bay until the 15th. At this place we met with Iniuktoo, a native of Repulse Bay, whom we knew as the people, replied in the negative, but not that I knew of. The grand searchparties had perished from want of food, sometime on the early days of the state of Kentucky. The substance of the information, obtained at Upper Dublin, and of many years.

The league Waltham, at New York, from Bristol, England, reports having encountered on the 20th September, heavy gales, in latitude 46 30, longitude 40 30, in which they all carried away some remains of a wreck, which are supposed to have been those of the ship Arctic, which were spars, bulwarks, painted black, a boat and a stove.

Women's rights are something ahead down in Wisconsin. The Rev. Mr. Hanchett of John Wysong informs the public that he has discontinued his wife, and that he will not pay his daughter, Virginia, and that hereafter the former will be known as Mrs. Virginia Wysong, and not Hanchett, Wysong, colored by the designation of her husband.

A family by the name of Parmer, living in Liverpool, were the wife and daughter of the former, and the latter by the name of Mrs. Parmer, were discovered, and five on an island near it, about a long day's journey from the city of Milton, in N. W. of a large stream, which can be no other than Bear's River, that runs into the Great Salt Lake. Unfortunately, they were all in a state of starvation. Only one lived, a boy, and he was found in a state of starvation. Only one lived, a boy, and he was found in a state of starvation. Only one lived, a boy, and he was found

ected Poetry.

WHAT MAY BE OURS.

Then that dear gone indeed,
For wealth must pass from man to man as gold,
Learn how to send it on thy lower going side,
And take him for thy friend.
Not who loves us, but whom we love are ours!
He shall then know thy yet undreamed-of powers,
Be close as outgoing kind;
More than (like larger hands) can fold and bind
More than close outstretched arms can clasp,
More than the soul can hold.
Thy treasure shall be countless and unknown
For, all it owns, the heart finds shared forever.

Then shall break off the chains
That bind them in the present; for though Time,
Sovereign on and his elder-born, appears
Like a huge hot wreck, days and months and years,
The head of benighted treasure,
And o'er that towering wall, we, if we will, can climb.

Then, more than those who share
With thee the gentle air,
Shall yield to thy strong magic at the spell
That lies in love, and in thy heart shall dwell

And dormers shall not limit thy deep love,
If from the bosom that floweth there
Some wanderer chance, like Noah's gentle dove,
To thee a token of their haven to bear.
Fare-thee! there home may be,
Beneath the grave of an eastern sky,
Or where bright suns send bow strung rays,
And there may'st never see
The terms that are their spells' sorcery shrine;
But ah! if there must love them, they are thine!
Yes! there to joy is, thine to prize,
To weep be—if dark years
Should dim the light that on them low—
For love, O adoptive spirit, was your power.

And as within thy heart thy treasure grows,
Think whence all good, all truth, all beauty flows;
For Love, O adoptive spirit, was your power
To find all wealth on earth, and send for same in
Heaven. —*Hemstead Weeks.*

For Mothers.

THE BABY CONVENTION AND BABIES.

BY MRS. J. SWISSHELM.

This novel exhibition is over, and appears to have fully answered the expectations of the projectors. When we first saw notices of it we thought it a hoax, and as we were named one of the awarding committee, we looked upon it as a quiz upon our advocacy of babies' rights. Even when officially notified of our appointment, the impression remained vaguely. Nay, it robbed what shocks our apprehension of the sanctity of babies to have them classified and placed in exhibit animals. Nevertheless, as great is the forgetfulness of their animal wants, and their consequent suffering, that perhaps this or all other means of the kind may be call the attention of mothers to the physical education of their children.

In the report of the convention the Cincinnati *Gazette* says:

"Letters were received from Mrs. J. J. Cox [sender, and Mrs. Swisshelm, who was to have read on essay, but was prevented by illness," &c.

We were not aware of our appointment to the reading desk, and had we been aware of it, we should have taken pleasure in reading a lecture to all the mothers of America, had there been any hope that it would do a new edition remains might have been induced to take better care of baby; but as we did not write an essay, the occasion is good for writing one.

It is estimated that one half of all the children born in this country die under five years. This is fearful, and calls aloud for investigation. With it is principally chargeable to the incompetence of mothers. The wealthy and their imitators imitate the European aristocracy in leaving their children to the care of servants, forgetting how essentially different is the structure of society here and the old world nomenclature. There, servants remain families from generation to generation. There is promotion in the spheres of servitude; the child's nurse becomes the mentor of his manhood, and is as proud of his graces as a parent could well be. Here, a nurse takes care of one baby one week and another the next; cares little or nothing for her charge, but is working for money, and looking anxiously forward to the day she herself will employ some one to take care of her children. The child is always in a get sorry care, and when she comes to have any of her own she is the with or no knowledge nurserage, with the road open to a country seat and town house. She immediately open the nurseries of her mother's children, and is called on to take care of her child, as being unable to have a half-grown servant, picks up some, by the starveling out of some alley, and starts her to the street with baby in her arms, or in a widow wagon to be stolen and thumped with cronology and haunted into out of door gutters, with shocks enough in one day to kill a half grown animal or any other species. The baby's intolerable inability excited by the strange sights and sounds, so that the physical pain is unbounded for the time, but whipped is brought in, the excitement is over, and if the case from the Lactantian motion induces locomotophilia, which it is said not for another thumping by way of note. We are informed of opinion that very many babies are thumped to death in those bathing-tub springless child carriages, in which they are dragged about. Persons themselves are very careful to have under them, the easiest steel springs and softest cushions which they ride for pleasure, but they think their tender babies a matter with a motion exactly like that of a cart and on cushions which to themselves would be unendurable, and have them bounced over the pavements, day after day, hour. Those two-wheeled carts with a gig top, and the axle running through the bed, which are so largely in use at the present time, are cruel, and people who use them should try a daily ride in one to judge of the misery that the motion enjoyed by their children. We are of the opinion that if a healthy male was subjected to a daily ride in one of these carriages, it never would live to be a sheep. We have seen female very weary and bodily ailey after a ride in a very easy carriage, and bathed nightly in their bodily ailments. But what they feel after being pounded, by the hour, in the uncushioned baby carriages made for their especial use?

This is but one case in which the physical nature of infants is outraged. The majority of them are about half starved. It is not much than about one mother in ten, lives from birth to a way that she can supply her infant with a sufficient quantity of wholesome nourishment. Nay, it is positively considered vulgar, for a mother to have food for her babe, and so, comparatively few make earnest endeavors to feed their children properly, while even those who do want to follow the dictates of nature are generally deterred by fashion, which requires those to compress their waists, spoil their hips to fit bonnet, and otherwise so alter their own system until a letter fitted to child poison their baby food.

A very few escape this evil, and to the another almost as bad, viz: the scientific plan of feeding at stated hours. I desire to call to mind the future intellectual nature of the child dependent upon its present animal development, and take a lesson of the lambs on the hill-side who feed whenever nature prompts, and the refined Egyptian, they would come to regulate baby appetite by scientific editions.

It may appear strange, but nevertheless it is true, that two thirds of all the babies die for want of cool, bringer, pasture, and perfect air. If so very common for the claims of many parents to suffer for the common necessaries of life. A young infant wants a constant supply of artificial heat. This is furnished by the mother's bosom to be nourished by the warmth of her body.

Every time a young infant's clothes are disturbed so as to let the air around its limbs, the should be warmed at a fire, and the limbs of her skirts well warmed and wrapped closely around it. Cull woollen stockings should be worn in part or for all dressing, and always warm. No weather is ever warm enough in this latitude to dispense with a fire to bring a new born infant.

We have sat over a fire when the mercury stood above 90, and wanted a pair of two fold and boot, for half an hour, and had the little lower look so perfectly comfortable and sleep so soundly afterwards, tucked away in its hot flannels with his face uncovered in a room where the windows were all open, that we were fully repaid for enduring an extra perspiration. An infant's eyes should be carefully guarded from strong light, and the face never covered so as to compel it to reinhale the air once thrown out from the lungs. If the room from the warm to be shaded to bold upon a picture, to prevent its coming the soft flesh on long exposure, and as the nursery room should always be cool, the little infant should be so wrapped up that he can be safely carried in the fire to be warmed. Colds in young children generally arises from cool, or improper clothing.

All that a baby wants is to be kept comfortable. For this they should be moderately clean—much washing and dressing wasteful them.

Travelling Scene.

A BRIDAL TOUR.

"The happy pair then started for New York, by the Steamer, to spend the honeymoon."

—cozy and warm, with yours air to breathe, plenty of wholesome milk, and room to grow, these are purely animal wants, and for want of attention to them thousands die annually. Those who, like us, may have felt slightly shocked at the convention for bringing babies to a level with animals, should reflect that in so bringing them, the projectors have elevated the poor little beasts, for no other class of young animals have their wants so little understood and so poorly supplied.— *Pittsburg Visitor.*

THE TRAGEDY OF LIFE.

The correspondent of the London Art Journal, writing upon Rome, and describing the studios of celebrated artists, thus portrays one whom the envious would not be likely to disparage:

As yet Rome and especially had attained the efforts of those artists whose studios we had visited. But a short change was now to meet us as we picked our steps along an unutterably broken up, dirty lane, and then grasped our way up a short wretched staircase to the small studio on our list. We were admitted with all the eagerness of that hope delayed which maketh the heart sick. There was no response to a threadbare coat, and rose evidently startled the gentleman with whom he conversed us, and was easy to see that few came his way! A fine, spirited picture of the Archangel Michael, with the fallen Lucifer, filled four-fifths of the canvas, coming far from Nature's kitchen! The same stamp of a bold and vigorous hand was seen as we picked our steps along an unutterably broken up, dirty lane, and then grasped our way up a short wretched staircase to the small studio on our list. We were admitted with all the eagerness of that hope delayed which maketh the heart sick. There was no response to a threadbare coat, and rose evidently startled the gentleman with whom he conversed us, and was easy to see that few came his way! A fine, spirited picture of the Archangel Michael, with the fallen Lucifer, filled four-fifths of the canvas, coming far from Nature's kitchen! The same stamp of a bold and vigorous hand was seen in the figure-drawing and position of a meritorious but neglected art-ist. He—a poor, thin, shrivelled, gray-haired man, but evidently full in his little studio, dressed in